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BY WROM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINT-ING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

> From the Pennsylvania Inquirer. ROUGH AND READY SONG.

> > (Arr.—Dandy Jim.)

Our country calls once more to arms, To save your workshops and your farms : Old Rough and Ready makes the call, The invitation's to you all.

The conqueror of Monterey.

Has placed her Filtmore side by side, To run the people's race with Zack, So Cass and Butler clear the track. Let Palo Alto, &c.

A solution of the Prairies of the West;

'tis Ashland's thunder bursts away,
The well-known voice of Henry Clay
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Now in the dark and trembled night A star is seen on Bouker's height, To guide the old Whig army home, The roles of Dan noted come. Let Palo Alto, &c.

Itl- Lorning som the Locus fear; Their old reserve can ne'er escape The duality aim of Taylor's grape. Let Palo Alto, &c.

ther Lari or boys will wheel alont. And help to clear the Polkites out; Classics sterrer they will read, And song them in the hour of need.

And with the sword he broke in two, A Mexican "Janes Pillow" slew. Let Palo Alto, &c. When starting Iroland cried f r food,

Case like his mative gratific stood; He dreamed the day was far remote Ear be would wan the Irish vote. Let Palo Alto, &c.

The sovereign people will it so, end Zack must to the White House go, Let Palo Alto &c

OCTOBER.

BY WHALAM CULLES DRYAST.

As it mary welcome, beaven's delicious bread When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf, And same grow muck, and the meek sums grow

Wind of the summy south, oh! still delay In the gay woods and in the golded air, Like to a good old age released from care, Journaying in long screnity away. In such a bright, late quiet, would that I Hight wear out life like thee, 'mid bower and

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks, And morning of kind voices ever nigh; And when not last sand twinkled in the plass.

Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

"BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU MUST TAKE it."-We have been asked perhaps twenty times-"How does Van Burenism take in

We answer-it doesn't take at all with the Whigs, and not over half a dozen are known to have sizzled. The dose furnished them by the Buffalo Convention is not palatable, ye they seem to think they must take it. reckon they'll find the prescription as difficult to swallow as the medicine a woman tried to

give her sick boy.

The physician called, but not finding wri ting utensils handy, wrote with chalk a pre scription on the door, and said ."Here, madan when your son wakes, give him this; it is an emetic, and will do him good." The ignorant woman looked at the doctor in amazement but, trusting to his great skill, said nothing. As soon as the boy opened his eyes, she took the door from its hinges, and carrying it to the bedside, said: "Here, my son, you mus swallow this; the doctor left it for you."

But, mother, I cant !" "Well, I don't see how you can neither, but you better try, for he says you must, and he knows!"-Groton "Spirit of the Times."

Co Seth M. Gates, who knows that the Whie Party has done all that has ever been done for the Cause of Emancipation, is defending Mr. Van Buren's casting vote in favor of a bill authorizing Post Masters to burn Aboliti

Pamphlets, Tracts, Newspapers, &c. When Mr. Gates gets through with this jol perhaps he will undertake to justify Mr. Van Buren's opposition to the clause in our new Constitution giving the Right of Suffrage to FREE MEN, though not of our own complex-

A real live Yankee, just caught, is selfdenying, self-relying, always trying, and into every thing prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the tem-

A Philadelphia watchman arrested Joseph Sheckler for blasphemy, and testified that "he cursed mares, horses and donkeys, including myself." Mayor Swift ing less than his union in marriage to a

MISCELLANY.

From the Model American Courier. FAITH AND FIRMNESS. A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY ANDREW DUNCAN.

You may beanything, or do anything, that you please,' said the doctor,- anything that oes not imply a physical or moral impossibility. All that you need is faith, and firmness of purpose. What, think you, did the Mano. Nazareth mean, when he said to his disciples, 'If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossi-

'I don't know,' said Robert Hudson. 'I am not much of a theologian, and there appears to be something dark about that saying.' 'Not at all,' said the doctor; 'it is as plain as any passage in the book, it is a first-rate

en-seese text, true to the very letter.' Do you then suppose that men can remove

'No doubt of it, figuratively speaking-for it is figurative language." 'How do you know that?'

Because Christ never spoke of doing anything literally, that could answer no good end-never performed a miracle, but for some wise and merciful purpose. Literally, the text cannot be understood; but, figuralively, it conveys a sublime lesson-a lesson Let Pado Alto be our cry, every day acted upon, and whether perceiv-And on the breeze Resaca fly, Till Buena Vista's deeds repay ed or not, it has been the means of making many a great man, and of doing many wonderful things. In short, the lesson taught in that one text, has been the great lever by which the world has advanced from age to

perseverance, overcometh every obstacle; whether that principle be cl a physical or moral character, scientific or religious, Had Fulton possessed no more faith in the powers of steam than did the world around him. how long before rivers, lakes, and ocean's wave would have been traversed, Without sail or our, 'gainst winds and tides ! That which would have been absolutely im-

possible without faith, by faith, resting on ruth, has been triumphantly successful. When the railroad was first projected, the faithless were ready with their favorite, 'Impossible! The deep ravine and the mounmin barrier were in the way; but faith said The mountain barrier must be broken through-the valley must be exalted, the rough places made smooth, and the crooked places straight,' and it was done. Next came the man Monse, saying he could send a message a thousand miles, and receive an answer in five minutes! He was considered moun-mad,' but the man had discovered a scientific truth, and the ridicule of the infide could not shake his faith. Difficulties were in the way, but, sustained by a sublime con-fidence, he met, and conquered all. Not only have mountains been removed and valleys xalted, but time and space are all but aunihilated. Such have been the triumphs of fairl resting upon true principles, that the man is both bold and ignorant, who now talks about impossibilities. Those gigantic proofs of the power and efficacy of faith, are not solitary -they only appear more striking on account of their magnitude, and the mighty results that have followed every inch of progress made by the most obscure individual, is in consequence of the same principle. I an

now holding high places in the literary 'But,' said Hudson, 'what do you make of the context? 'This kind comes not out but y prayer and fasting."

acquainted with many men, who ten years a-

go could not command the second dobar, now

fiving in opulence, and some who ten years

ago hardly knew the first letter in the book.

'It is equally plain,' replied the doctor, 'and cans that extraordinary difficulties can on ly be overcome by extraordinary efforts including mental labor and physical priva

You may be right, said II--; Tknow that faith and perseverance are necessary m order to accomplish any thing; but time is also necessary, and I am now too old-it is

Better late than never, sir. True, you have spent half the promised term of life, in folly and madness, chasing shadows and dreamy nothings. But your age, so far from be ng an excuse, is a strong reason why you should double your diligence, if your object s right. If your desires are merely after the iches of a present world, about which the nass are every day becoming more and more instanc, - I say instanc, for if any thing stamps 'lunatic' upon the brow of humanity, is the untiring devotion of soul, body, an pirit, to those things that perish beneath heir hands, and which at best they can only ook upon, and then leave forever,-if you and cents, I have no advice to give. You nust go to the muck-worm, to the miser it as den of fifth and misery, or to the fool that spends his strength for nought. But should on feel within desires of a higher orderhe indwellings of a nobler nature-a cravng after mental wealth and moral richeshen I say neither age nor circumstances ought to deter you. Every onward step secures an unending good, a something that cannot be lost : and were your spirit ready o pass from its house of clay. I would still say struggle to gain yet another idea, in advance of the store already acquired. 'Still achiev-

ing, still pursu ng,' is the true motto for man. Let me tell you a story :-'When I was a lad of some fourteen or ificen years of age, there lived about half a mile from my father's a man by the name of SANDERS. He was a poor man, very poor -had been so all his life. At the age eighteen he could peither read nor write, and I think I have heard it said that there was not a book of any description in his father's house, Sanders was remarkable for nothing but his ignorance and personal appearance-large honed, and over six feet high; but it could hardly be said that his bones were clothed with flesh; he was something of a Calvin Edson, with a head that appeared disproportionately large. He was looked upon as a very unsocial boor, from the fact that he seldom mingled in the sport of young men of his own age. He seemed to

love and seek retirement. Between the age of eighteen and twenty, he had, by himself without a particle of assistance, learned to read well, and write some. An event that happened about this time, proved that Sanders was not so very unsocial in his nature as was generally supposed. This was nothyoung woman equally poor and homely as er, and-

himself. The good neighbors began to prophecy that the county would soon have some children to maintain; not that Sanders was an idler, or intemperate, but the business to which he had been brought up was overdone, and the very best workmen could earn but a hare subsistence. However, there was no law to prevent poor young men from getting married; the neighbors must therefore content themselves by hoping that Sanders' chil-

dren might be few and far between. In this matter they were sorely disappointed. Mrs. Sanders proved to be a very fruitful vine, and year by year presented her worthy hushand with an additional pledge of her conjugal love. For ten long years Sanders toiled on with praiseworthy perseverance; and al-though in that time eight mouths had been ndded to his family, yet strange to say he had managed to keep the day and the way alike. We cannot say that he and his children were as well fed and clothed as were those around them, but we can say that a complaint was never heard from the lips of Sanders or any of his family. I have seen them often sit down with faces of cheerfulness and thank-

fulness, to a meal composed of a few potatoes and salt. Let it not be supposed however, that Sanders was satisfied, with either himself or the circumstances in which he was bringing up, for the stage of action and the business of life, a numerous family. Hewas not satisfied. Thirsting after mental improvement himself-desirous of preparing his children, by a suitable education, for the duties and responsibilities of life, yet crushed down in a state of hopeless poverty, how could be be satisfied?—doomed to incessant toil, without the means of procuring books or helps of any description. Many men in similar circumstances would have become discouraged, carcless or intemperate, suffering the prediction of the neighbors to be fulfilled by their families becoming a county age, Faith in a true principle, with manly charge. But it was not so with Sanders; he was not discouraged, nor faint-hearted, although his iron frame began to bend before he had reached his thirtieth year. About

> the communings of the inner man were of a 'One morning, on his way to the workshop, Sanders was overtaken by a little aristocratic master, (the son of a wealthy neighbor,) on his way to school with his Lexicon under his arm; he wished Sanders to do a small job for him, in the way of his busi-

this age he seemed to retire more within him-

self than ever; he did not become a gloomy

misanthrope, or sullen recluse; he was still the kind and careful father—the obliging

neighbor; but he leved more than ever to be

al gleaming of his fine, expressive eye, that

ne, and it was evident, from the occasion-

"Let me look at your book,' said Sanders. 'The lad complied, and after a short examination, drawing himself up to his full length, and fixing on the boy a look of deep earnestness, Sanders said-

'I will do your job, and do it well too, upon one condition-which is this; you shall bring and leave with me every night, as many of your school books as you can spare; calling and receiving them in the morning, on your way to school; if you will agree to this, I will do all the little jobs you may want me to do, for one year.'

The boy readily agreed to this, thinking it a first-rate bargain, and resolving to make the most of it, by always baving something for Sanders to do. By means of this arrangement, it was not many months before the elements of the Latin and Greek were mastergress in mathematics. He was now brought to a stand, the boy's books could carry him no farther, and his desires had become ten times more intense; he was, in fact, more unhappy than he had ever been before; he had just learned enough to see more clearly than ever, the real value of learning-just enough to stir within him all the lofty aspiraions connected with his being, without a sol-

tary hope to cheer his pathway.

'Such was the sad condition of the labori us Sanders, when a distant relation from the city of G--, paid him a short visit. This relative was in good circumstances, and seeing the diamal state of poverty in which Sanders and his family were plunged, very kindly asked if he could do anything for

"Yes, you can do much for me,' was the reply; 'you can make me a happy and a use-ful man-enable me to bring up my lamily as rational beings ought to be brought up.so as to secure their own happiness, and be ben-eficial to the world in which they live. You can do all this, at a small expense. 'His friend begged he would explain.

'You can, 'said Sanders, 'procure for me they will cost but little in the city ; let them oe sent to me by stage ; I will try to pay the 'After the books were named, and a memrandom made out, his friend looked around

ole, and the two apologies for beds, then easting a searching glance at Sanders, as if he doubted his sanity, said—
"Would not a barrel of flour and some clothing be more useful, in the meantime? ' 'No." was the emphatic reply; 'flour and clothing will come in good time; 'Man cannot live by bread alone,'-it is mental food

he room, on the backless chairs, broken ta-

that we need at present-and if you will send the books, you will teed and clothe us.' 'His city friend soon took his leave, not nuch prepossessed in favor of Sanders' good couse, but resolving to humor him, especial-

y as it would cost but a trifle. 'Week after week, however, passed away, without bringing the books, or any intelli gence from the city. Sanders' heart, general-

strong, was ready to sink. 'At last, one evening, as he sat sorrowful enough, a boy called to inform him that there was a bex at the stage-office, addressed to Mr. J. Sanders :' he said the stage owner wished to see him-thought there must be some mistake-the box appeared to contain something valuable, as it was marked

'Sanders jumped from his seat, said 'the box is mine,' and thrusting his hand into his pocket, the sad conviction forced itself upon im, that he had not wherewithal to pay the certain the amount,' said he, 'and then I will finish the job I have on hand by morning, which will bring me four and sixpence; but then we are out of meal and potatoes,-the children cannot eat books. What shall I do? he cried, in perfect agony. Sanders, sorely perplexed, rapidly measured the ground lybetween his cottage and the stage office, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion as to his future conduct, found himself

in the office, confronting clerk and owner. "There is a box here, said the stage own

books.'

'Nothing, nothing, you big-boned fool; it is prepaid.'

ancourteous answer, Sanders shouldered the box, and in a few moments it was placed in triumph upon the old rickety table. 'Excitement is no evidence of agreat mind: yet great minds, under peculiar circumstances, have been greatly excited. So it was with Mr. Sanders on this occasion. The children gathered around, expecting, no

doubt, to see some live monster burst from its confinement, on the opening of the box. The lid was quickly removed, when, to the auton-ishment and inexpressible delight of the father, nine large volumes, not second-hand, but new, presented themselves. They were out, one hy one, and last of all came a small case of mathematical instruments.

'The next three years of Sanders' life almost prostrated the strength of the highminded and resolute man. Poor and scanty fare, excessive labor, and nightly study, began to make rapid inreads upon a naturally strong constitution but the time of his reward was near at hand.

'A mathmetical problem had I een put forth in a scientific journal a copy of which his city friend had sent him: for the solution of this problem a reward c' one bundred dollars was offered. There, five competitors appeared; and among the rest, story of its life as it rolls up the silvery beach. It breaks in brilliant foam, and the stars sparkle on the thousand plumes that dance along ty, ventured a solution. In ten days he its ridge, and plumes and jewels and all are received a letter by mail, containing a swallowed up by the great tide of life that follows. Yet a few bubbles, bright and beauticing the altogether unexpected but joyful ful, float seaward over the next waves, and news of his successful effort.

'We will not follow him through the next seven years of his life. He was successful in almost every branch of learning cessful in almost every branch of learning to which he addressed himself, and the man who, at thirty years of age, was the man who, at thirty years of age, was the renter of a miserable cabin, worn with toil and crushed with poverty, was seen at forty the owner of a comfortable and even elegant mansion, in the superbs of the great commercial city of G—. The unlearned mechanic, who bargained with the other floating alone. It will come suda schoolboy for the use of his books at denly, Joe. You will hear me shout; maya schoolboy for the use of his books at night, seven years afterwards was publicly known as a man of rare literary attainments. For twenty-five years Sanders acted as foreign correspondent to the principal business establishments in the city, being perfectly familiar with the modern languages of Europe. He was also distinguished as a mathematician, and geologist, and indeed in almost every department of learning. The real greatness and glory of the man, however, consisted in the purity of his character. A firm between in revealed religion, his was a deeplooned, practical Christianity, making him the Fawn's leap, or have you forgotten them? Of the Fawn's leap, or have you so long been absent from it that you have even forgotten Ellen's glen?"

He visited the widow, and sustained the fatherless, and the blessings of many ready to perish descended upon him. His departure was such as might have been expected—calm, triumphant, and glorious! If have been,' said he, when near his end, 'confined for many years in a dark prison-house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house, where the lightest and heighten the first day's work of twe house. confined for many years in a dark prison-house, where the lightest and brightest moments I enjoyed only served to show how deep the darkness was in which I walked. In my strongest moments I was fair vision that lay beyond, but which I will call on me in the mo-ning could not reach. The spirit indeed was I readily promised this, and Joe and myself willing, but the flesh was weak powerless
The prison door will soon be opened; the fetters struck off, and the captive spirit like that wave you were speaking of awhile times thought,' he continued, 'that the and oh, how hollly! And that wave is s wrong; to love the good, and long after a Years have passed since he was in America. complete conformity to the pure and holy; "He was born near our old home, and grew to bow the spirit willing, though the flesh to manhood by my si le. You knew him well should remain in weakness. In this broken, but I see you have forgotten the family. Did

While the words trembled on his lips, the left the Highlands. spirit was emancipated. Thus lived and died a man of true nobility. A strong faith and firmness of pur-

pose was the secret of his success.

AN OLD FRIEND.

New York, September, 1848.

The evening before I left Cape May, I met a face at the Kursaal, on which I looked an "Ab, she died, did she—better for her that "Ab, she died, did she "Box "Ab, she died, did she plain myself. It was the face of a lovely wo-man; yet the beauty which was so attractive, "Joe, you are in a queer humor to-night. man; yet the beauty which was so attractive, was mingled with a strange expression of discontent, or moroseness, which gave a singular air to her appearance. There was something, too, in that face which was familiar to me, and to in that face which was familiar to me, and to in that face which was familiar to me, and to in that face which was familiar to me, and to in the same of Frank."

"Joe, you are in a queer humor to-night.—
You are not often so much of an old bachelor. What has come over you?"

"Nothing, nothing; go on with your history of Frank." once, as I caught the sound of her voice. I "I have no history to tell you. You know felt that thrill of emotion which a remembered how devoted he was to study. He loved not strain of music produces when one is wandering in far lands. I started forward as I heard morning a fairy startled him as he lay on the the tone which so affected me, and spoke hurriedly to my companion, Mrs. _____,asking if she knew the lady. My own voice was rather I let ried to read on, but found that every lettouder than it should have been, and as I turn-ed toward her again, I caught her full black of beauty which he had never before dreamed eve, directed with a searching gaze in my face.

A dozen times afterward I met that gaze, and as often caught a strange smile, almost a sneer, on her lip, which more than all else puzzled me; for I knew that I had somewhere

ling stories of more important and more mourn-ful import than usual." We had thrown our-heart, and loved her noble lover with a woselves down on the sand, and were lying silent, and I, at least, was dreaming of distant scenes, and ears which the surf roar was elsewhere singing to sweet slumber, when we were aand ears which the same was the same was the singing to sweet slumber, when we were aroused by the approach of a gentleman and lady, who passed us. I heard that same rich voice, and now, though I could not see the face, I knew the same smile was there, for the words I knew the same smile was there, for the words to see how trustingly she leaned on his arm, and looked up into his fine dark eyes. She I knew the same smile was there, for the words to be a looked to looked to be a looked to be a looked to be a looked to be a look lady, who passed us. I heard that same rich to see how trustingly she leaned on his arm, voice, and now, though I could not see the face, I knew the same smile was there, for the words uttered were bitterly sadin tone and meaning. but when she found he bowed to bove her; but when she found he bowed to

"Yes, sir, my books, my Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. What is the freight?"

'Nothing, nothing, you big-boned fool: The world is little better that such as we have lived, and will be no worse that we die. Its Without taking any notice of the man's soil, indeed, will be somewhat richer."

"No, M.," said a calm, deep voice, somewhat broken by age; "no, no; you reason wrongly. If the world is no better that we have lived, we should live longer and so make it better."

I could hear nothing more of the conversa-tion as they passed, but I was again wonder-ing who the lady could be, when Joe rose and broke out into one of his strange comminglings of truth and dream, poetry and fact.

"I wish I could live in it." said he, in a mu-

"I wish I could live in it," said he, in a musing tone, as he looked at the sea; "I wish I could live in it. To lie down quietly on some green bank under the water and sleep. Ah. one might sleep well. I say, W-"

" Well, Joe?" said I, rising and looking a

"Do you see that large wave out yonder. that seems hurrying as if anxious to dash on this beach?"

"I do," said I. waiting his continuance. "And do you see that foam cap on it? break-

ing even now, and now gone. Is it not beau-tiful. Well, I'll tell you what I was fancying: That that wave was like some lives, as it comes shoreward,-dark in the main, yet calm, deep steadily pressing on. Once in a while a bright gleam on its surface gladens it, but those gleams are gone on the instant, and the wave come again on shore with others.

only at le to drag my spirit to the window we have but walked out to breathe the cool of its cell, to gaze with rapture upon the air after the confinement of the evening. You

"Joe,-I loved a man once whose life wa

set forever at liberty, will rejoice in the fulness of glory and power. I have some an instant, a star gleamed on a breaking crest, most perfect state attainable by man, while tied to mortality, is to acquire an ability to discover between the right and the she did not know where he was. Nor do I.— "He was born near our old home, and grew

impotent state, how grand, how glorious, you not recognize Ellen?"

You not recognize Ellen?"

You not recognize Ellen?"

You not recognize Ellen?"

I am sur are the hopes of immortality !- how deare the hopes of immortality!—how desirable to be 'clothed with light!' 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'all of life begins at death.' of Frank? I never heard of his fate after I

> 1 continued my story. "He loved —"
> "And was disappointed of course, as a thousand have been," interrupted Joe, with a sudden sneer.

Yes, my evnical Joe, he was disappointed and when he thought to have held her to his heart, another embrace was around her; she slept on another's breast. She was not the first whom death has won from the embrace of

hour or more with an interest I could not ex- she did. Her love would some day have prov-

puzzled me; for I knew that I had some was seen that smile before.

It was after midnight that I took my accustomed stroll by the surf-side. The music of the water was unusually deep and solemn, and the water was unusually deep and solemn, and so remember. She was uncommonly slight in form, and he could easily lift her in one had a big victory complete. And well she might. She

rock, and Carrie's arm was around his neck as lish. Wash. Union. she stood by him. The moon looked quietly down on them, and didn't blush at all when she pushed back the dark hair from his fore-head and kissed it. I think mayhap the moon is used to such sights. I passed on silently that night, not interrupting them. The next day Frank left for Europe, and never saw Car-

but the starbeam was there no longer."

That passionless embrace of the grave had on her when he returned. The embrace of which no man is jealous; from which no love can win the loving! How sweet, how deep is the slumber of the beautiful! Never did the earth reclaim a lovelier form of clay.

She slept as a child might sleep, dreaming of all beautiful things. "See, mother," said she, " the moonlight creeping over the carpet I shall live till it touches my forehead and then die."

And so she died. The sad moonlight kissed her dear lips, and they thenceforward returned no caress of earth. Frank is a wanderer His sister had worshipped him. She mourned long for him. She buried father, and mother, all she loved but Frank, and he has left her Her life was bitterness for years. I know not when she married.

"Come, Joe, let's go up to the house." Faithfully,

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—The Washington Union publishes the following letter, descriptive of the California El Dorado, recently dis

U. S. NAVY AGENCY, Monterey, California, July 1, 1818. Sir: Since my last letter to you, written in San Francisco, I have visited the "Placer," o gold region of California, and found it all had been represented to me. My anticipations were fully realized. The part I visited was the south fork of the river American, which joins the Sacramento at Sutor's fort, or tw niles from it. This river has its north and south forks, branching more than twenty miles from Fort Sutor. On these two forks there are over 1000 people digging and washing for gold. On Bear creek and Hulo creek, branchbrothers, (Americans) one had seven dollars the other eighty-two: they worked on the same five yards of land; one, however, worked less than the whole day. Their plan, like hundreds of others, was first with a pick and shove clear off two feet of the top earth, then put in a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel of dirt, into running water, with the band stir up the containing one to five dollars. This can be done once or twice a day.

done once or twice a day.

Each day is causing some saving of labor by
the improvements in the rough machines now
in use. The day I left, some small companies
of five to eight men-had machines from which they anticipate five or six hundred dollars a ay. There certainly must this day be at ork on the different Placers several hundreds of Americans and others, who are cleaning one ounce of gold a day. I have this week seen in Monterey a Californian, who shows four hundred dollars of gold from the labor of one week : much of it was the size of wheat. myself weighed one piece from his bog, and found the weight an even ounce. He, like many others, only went up to the gold region to see the place, borrowed tools, worked a fee days, and came home to show his labor, and take up brothers and cousins and provisions. Flour, at the "Placer," is scarce at \$16 pe 100 lbs. At almost this price it must continue, as people are forsaking their fields. I do not think I am exaggerating in estimating the amount of gold obtained on the rivers I have pentioned at ten thousand dollars a day for for the last few days. There is every reason to believe the amount will not this season (uness the washers are driven from their work by ickness) be any less. In this case the addition of workmen now joining the first ones and the emigrants from the Atlantic State we shall have in October and Peccenher, will soon swell the value of California gold that will e washed out to an unheard-of value. Many who have seen the "Placer," think i

will last thirty or forty years. I should think that it would afford work two or three years to many thousands of people, and may for ve ry many years, as I cannot calculate the exten country having gold. The working of quicksilver mines, like every thing else, is stop-ped; three-fourths of the houses in the town of San Francisco are shut up. Houses in Mon-terey are being closed this week; the volunteer companies of Sonoma and San Francisc have lost several men by desertion. Unde the present excitement, a ship of-war or any other vessel lying at anchor in San Francis would lose many men. In that town there is hardly a mechanic remaining. I expect the same in Monterey in two weeks. Both newspapers have stopped. All or nearly all the hotels are shut up. One of my clerks who received \$500 and board, now receives in his store near Halvetin (Sutor's Fort) \$100 per month; my others are fast closing their books this month, without a clerk, carpenter, or servant, and all my houses, formerly rented, giv-en up to me. In two weeks Monterey will be nearly without inhabitants.

I am, with much respect, THOS. O. LARKIN. Com. Thos. Ap C. Jones.

"Your books!"

They appeared to be a reply to some remark made by the gentleman by her side.
"Your books!"

They appeared to be a reply to some remark made by the gentleman by her side.
"Better to die, then. Better, far, to die!"

They appeared to be a reply to some remark head, then she poured out on him all the treasures of a woman's perfect love.

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They appeared to be a reply to some remark head, then she poured out on him all the treasures of a woman's perfect love. "I saw them one night together; as I pass-ed through the glen. Frank was scated on a very much resembling the scales of a small

> From the Rutherd Herald A RELIC FROM BEFORE THE FLOOD.

A fossil mammoth tooth weighing 7 1-4 pounds, and in a state of tolerable preser-" The wave of his life was mighty now, and vation has been recently dug up in Mount a holy star was beaming on it, and a creat of Holly, in the summit section of the Rut-pure snowy foam broke on its breast, and land and Burlington Railroad. It was ank into the wave, and the wave rolled on, found 10 or 11 feet below the surface of the earth, embedded in coarse gravelwhich gravel located between two parallet perpendicular strata of rocks, it is said has the appearance of having once been

the channel of a river. Whence this stranger comes, whether from the mouth of some "huge beast, that swims the ocean stream," or as its construction would seem to indicate, from the mouth of some graminiverous land animal, some pre-adamite behemoth, whose earth-quaking tread rang through the forests long before "the morning stars sang together," over the reconstruction of our earth, or whether it may prove like "classic brick bats from the Tower of Babel," a thing of modern date, is not within our power to decide-but we come that if Prof. Silliman or President Hitchcock could take a deliberate squint at the wonder, he could tell its exact age within-a few thousand years.

The tooth is in the custedy of Chief Engineer, W. B. Gilbert. X E. X.

FIGHT BETWEEN A RAT AND A FROG. - The Dover (N. II) Guz the gives the following account of a most singular and desperate encounter between a frog and a rat, at a brook near a slaughter house, in that town, a few days since; "It appears that a rat came down to the brook to drink, and discovering a frog, 'with force and arms,' made an attack upon him, by making a firm grasp with histeeth; no sooner did the rat make his hold, than the frog dove into the water dragging his antagonist with him, where he remained antil the rat was compelled to let go, and make for dry land, closely pursued by the frogthem are rich with the same metal. The peo- As soon as the frog appeared above water he was again attacked by the fat, and a second time became a subject for cold water bathing. This feat was several times performed until the rat, from exhaustion and drowning, fell a prey to his antagonist. After the frog became fully assured his antagonist was dead, he seated himself upon his dead carcase with all ther complaisance imaginable, where he remained nearly haif an hour, exulting as it were over his hard won victory. Several persons were present and witnessed the

Presidential elections are often compared to a horse-race, and the candiates, with their supporters, qualifications, and chances of success, described in sporting phraseology. A correspondent of the Pirtsburg Gazette says the present camspaign reminds him of a celebrated race which came off on the Northampton race course in Englan I, some twenty years ago, between an old war-horse, owned by dirt and heave out the stones, until they have a gallant Colonel, who distinguished himremaining a spoonful of emery or black sand, self at Waterloo, and a full-blooded Jackass, belonging to a gentleman in Scotland. All things were arranged—the animals started-each one was confident of success, but alas, the race had scarcely commenced, when a pet fox, belonging to one of the spectators, rushed upon the Jackass, and so annoyed him, that the war horse left him far behind.

> ORIGINALITY. - If we study great men, we shall find they were not so much distinguished by originality as by range or extent of thought. If we require of them that absolute originality which consists in weaving, like the spider, their web from their own bowels, we shall not succeed in obtaining it. No great man was original. Least of all does originality consist in unlikeness to other men. A great man is a centre of things-seeing the wants of or ther men, and sharing their desires-adds also strength of arm to come at their point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. The greatest peet is a man in unison with his time and country, The great man does not wake and say, 1 will square the circle-ransack botany and discover another food for man-I have a new architecture in my mind-1 will foresee a new organic power. No; he is forced on by the genius of his contempories. He stands where all the eves of men look, and their bands all point in the dis-rection in which he should go. He finds the materials ready to his hands-they have sunk the hills and bridged the rivers for his road. Men, poets, women, we all worked for him, and he has entered not their labors. Great general power, we might almost say, consists in not being original at all, but to the greatest extent receptive.- Emerson.

> HENRY CLAY.-The Natchez Conrier of the 8th uit., says:
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> A letter from this distinguished statesman was received in town, a few days since. In it, he stated that he should cordially support Gen. raylor, and expressed surprise that any one ould have thought for an instant that he would also take any other course. We trust that this statement will cause all those of the opposition who have been pretending that Mr. Chy would not support Gen. Taylor, to hold their

tongues. POLK'S GENERALS. Pillow dog on the haide, his ditches, And Cushing fell down with a bump; Marcy got a bad rent in his breeches.

And Cass run his sword in a stump !